

THE STUDENT'S PEN



MARCH 1939

March, 1939

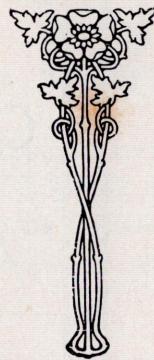
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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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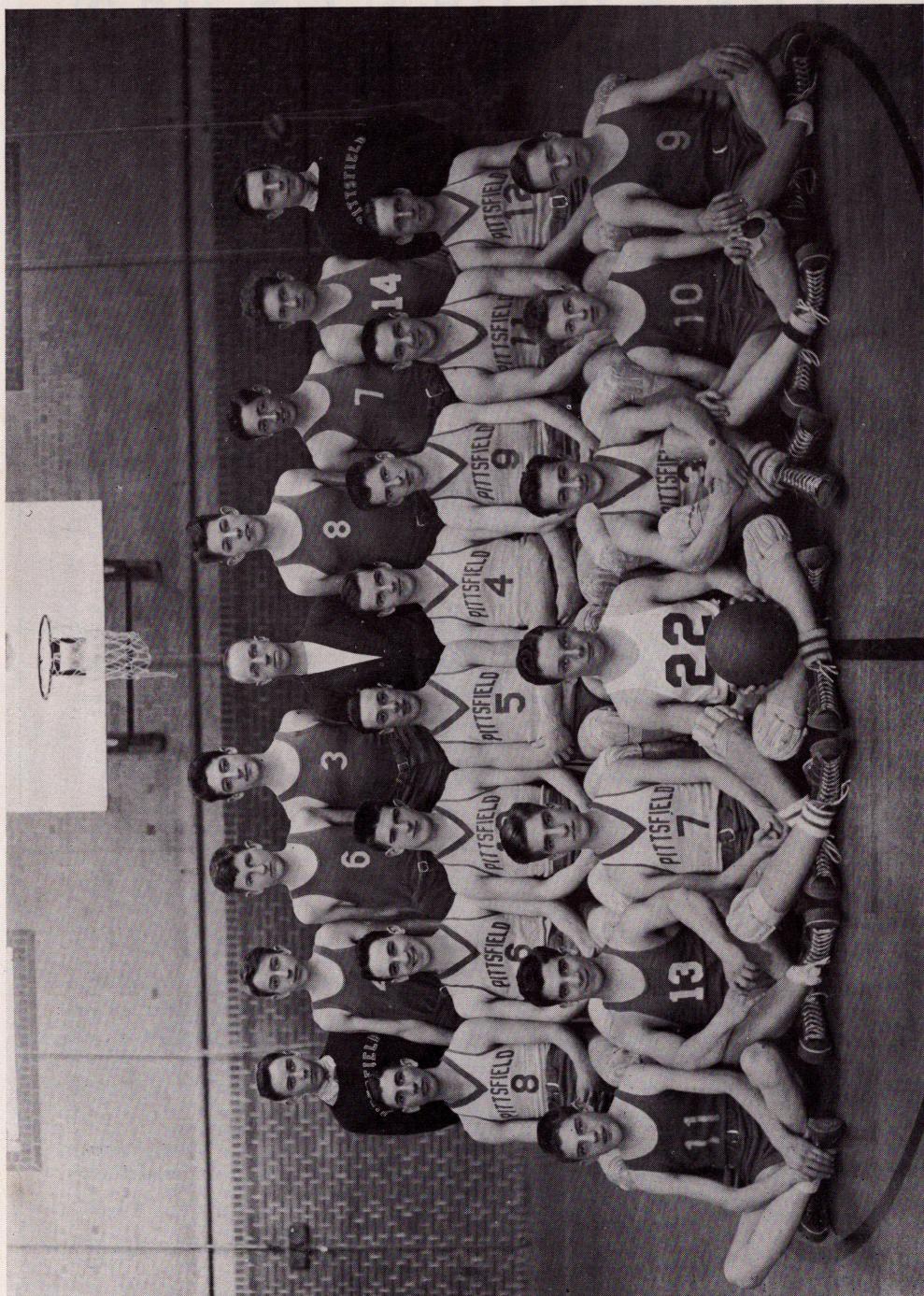
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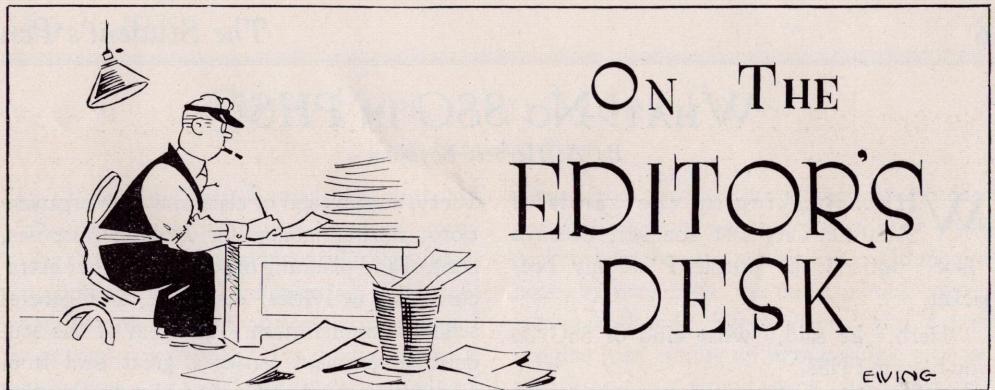
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THE BASKETBALL TEAM



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

FLYING

WE'RE GOING PLACES

By Robert C. Moore

TO the hockey team this year the new rink behind the school has meant more than a hockey rink. It was their own, on which to practice and to which they could bring other teams. The result: the team showed a spirit and confidence that greatly added to the ability of the squad, and gave Pittsfield High a better than average hockey team.

To the high school also this rink should mean much. It represents one of the many incidents which have occurred recently, or are about to occur that seem to point to a new era in which there will be a wider scope of activity. It will call for more work and initiative, but the results will be richer and more pleasing to faculty and students. The confidence which the hockey team gained from their rink should serve to show us what can be done with the rest of our groups in their inter-school meets, if we give them our interest and support. There is much talk concerning the probability of a Western Massachusetts Hockey League next year. Most likely Pittsfield will be included because of its fine record, and it is probable that it will establish a fine record.

Next fall the Purple and White football team will play in an enclosed field which they can call their own. The fact that they will have a good field to which they can invite other large teams may have the same effect on them as the rink had on the hockey. Pittsfield may see a new era in football.

Lest this seem to apply only to athletics, then let us look at the debating club where the progress in the past two months has been rapid. Free from the long preparation for the county debates, it has had more time for profitable outside work. Two nights ago they staged an informal debate before the Redfield PTA, and have under consideration, discussions with Lee High and other schools. This travelling to meet other schools in wholesome discussions is certainly enjoyable to the members, and at the same time is most valuable. Their scope seems to be widening.

Witness too the Senior Class' attempt at a large and colorful operetta which is a change from the traditional senior play. It is said that the music department plans to present the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs in concert for the general public this spring. Already these two groups have started on their own special radio programs which are broadcast once a month. It is likewise said that in another year the band will compete with other class A high schools in the New England Musical Festival. Who will say that this department so well organized in its first year will not add much to our school? Who will say that with all these things considered we have not the resources with which to go ahead?

Let us interest ourselves in all of these "resources," watch what they are doing, and support them.

WHAT! No SSG in PHS?

By A. Herbert Boyajian

WHILE basking on the sands of Atlantic City last summer, cousin "Doc" noticed the purple P on my beer jacket.

"Herb," he said, "what kind of SSG do you have in PHS?"

Thinking that he was trying to be funny, I said:

"What's SSG? Some kind of sausage, or another government project?"

"Sausage?" he laughed, "Why no; and not a government project either." Then changing his mind, "Yes, it is too. A government project all right: a *Student Self Government* project. Don't you have it in Massachusetts?"

I said, "No", with some reluctance, as I seemed to be admitting that Upper Darby High had something good we didn't have. My curiosity having been aroused, I wanted to know all about SSG in his school as well as elsewhere. He told me that every one of the fourteen high schools of Philadelphia and most of the suburban high schools had student government. I learned later that New York, many of the midwest states, and California are all leaders in this movement. The New England states have been slow in adopting it, although a number of Massachusetts schools have it.

A few years ago, the National Self Government Committee sent out questionnaires to 467 leading high schools throughout the country, fifty-four of them in Massachusetts. Eighty percent of these schools replied that they had some form of student participation in school government. This participation covers in different schools such matters as monitoring, managing assemblies, ushering, care of the library, bulletin board and lost and found service, messenger service,

safety, supervision of class and club organizations, raising money for athletic purposes, control and planning of social and other extracurricular activities, discipline, and general school administration. The form of the student government varies a great deal from school to school. Many of them are called Student Council, while a great many others are patterned either after the federal, state, or city governments. The most colorful of these is probably the one that has been in successful operation for twenty-five years at the Wm. Penn High School in Philadelphia, with President, Senate and House, and Supreme Court. Some schools have a governor and council, some mayor and council, and some have the city manager type of government. All in all, there are fourteen different types in operation, the primary purpose of all of them being to prepare good future citizens for democracy capable of self government by giving them training and practice in self government in school under faculty guidance. Dr. LeYoung of Illinois State Normal says:

"THE HOPES OF DEMOCRACY REST IN STUDENT SELF GOVERNMENT."

I believe I have discovered, also, why we don't have student government in PHS. Experienced leaders in this field state that student government is most likely to be successful when the initiative for it comes from the students, not when the faculty tries to put it over. The theory is that if the students are sufficiently matured to be capable of self government, they will naturally ask for it; while those who still hang on apron strings should not have it.

STUDENTS OF PHS, WHAT SAY WE?

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PUPS, PUPS, AND MORE PUPS

By Elizabeth Byrne

"STELLA, old girl, I need help with my thinking and I expect it from you," Toby Tyler affectionately patted the dilapidated old car before he climbed in. Toby had something on his mind and as usual he sought inspiration from Stella. "Yes, Stella, we have to cogitate and cogitate most definitely. I want that pup and want it bad, but I don't know where I'll get the fifteen bucks. Before I go any farther, Stella, let me tell you, old girl, that you are chilly,—in fact you're cold. But I suppose after being out here for two months in this cold garage that I can't expect anything else. Well, here goes!" Toby emptied his pockets and counted. "Six dollars and thirty-five cents. Six down and nine to go. Fifteen bucks to own that pup and let me tell you, Stella, fifteen smackers is a lot of money in any man's language. I might be able to wiggle a couple of bucks out of Dad, but nine at one slap—Oh, no—I can just hear him, 'Why, when I was your age I thought a dollar was a fortune.' Why, he thinks a fellow ought to be able to see the World's Fair on ten dollars. And Mom is definitely out. 'Why, Toby Tyler, what on earth did you do with the twenty-five dollars you got for Christmas. You asked us all to give you money instead of the junk we usually pile on you because you wanted to be in the money for once, and here it is the first of March and you're broke.' Mom could never understand how a fellow could rent an outfit when he had a perfectly good hand-me-down from his brother. Oh, no, it's perfectly O. K. for the younger son to wear castoffs. At that, she never noticed I didn't wear Nick's tux to the prom. Besides, Mom promised to help me get you out of hock the first of April if I didn't drive during the icy months, so I can't expect much from her. Nick? Now there's a thought. No, if there was a dame in it somewhere, Nick might

come across, but not for a dog. And Stella, you just ought to see that pup, a little black cocker-spaniel with soulful eyes. Oh, he's a honey! I even have the name picked out,—Inky. And only fifteen bucks! Can't you imagine Inky sitting up here beside me—just the three of us riding along, Jill sometimes too, maybe. But Stella, old girl, you're not warming up to my suggestions. You're unresponsive, chilly; in fact, you're so cold I'm almost stiff. So since there is still some chicken feed in the back pocket, I think I'll amble down to Nixon's and treat myself to a hot chocolate."

Luck walked in the door of Mr. Nixon's store with Toby because as he was drinking his hot chocolate, Mr. Nixon said, "Toby, do you know anybody who could stay here noons while I go home? I'm on a diet and the doctor says I can't eat here anymore. There's fifty cents a day in it for somebody."

The question hit Toby like a bolt from the blue.

"I can just about do it," he said to himself. "If Mr. White will give me a permit to leave the school grounds I can jump over the fence, run like the dickens and be here at eleven-thirty. If I leave here at twelve-thirty I'll be back just in time for fifth period class. Luckily I have a study fourth period so I can just about do it. I'll come here noons, Mr. Nixon. Is eleven-thirty to twelve-thirty O. K. with you?"

"Swell, Toby, the job is yours."

Toby got his permit and began his new job the next day. All went well with Toby for three days, and he was a dollar and a half nearer the pup when luck deserted him. He was hurrying back to work, jumped over the fence and landed in a heap. Toby knew as soon as he tried to get up that his leg was broken and amidst his groans of agony he kept thinking "There goes my dog." And

since it was the thought uppermost in his mind, when he was coming out of the ether he kept repeating, "There goes my dog." And so the whole story came out.

It would be foolish to say that the next few weeks were all misery to Toby because all misfortune has its bright side. And aside from the burden of the heavy cast and the fact that his parents insisted that he keep up his school work, life was really enjoyable to Toby—The fellows and girls visited him after school hours, and since Toby was popular and a regular fellow, they thought up ways to keep him amused. But life wasn't any bed of roses for Mrs. Tyler and the day came when she thought she would gladly suffer the discomfort of a broken leg herself, rather than have a convalescing son. It happened this way. During the morning a crate arrived from her son, Nick, who was at Yale—In it there was a little fox terrier for Toby. Mrs. Tyler groaned, "Now I'm in for it; it isn't bad enough to wait on Toby but now I'll have to be pestered with a dog." But Toby was so delighted that she couldn't let him see his delight was one-sided and she thought, "Oh, I'll manage somehow." But her good nature was taxed a little too much when she opened the door to see Dutchy Kahl and Fatty Clemens with a beautiful red Irish setter. Dutchy was spokesman, "Could we see Toby, Mrs. Tyler? We brought him a dog. You see we knew he wanted one and the Brady's are leaving town and they don't want to take the dog with them." Mrs. Tyler was speechless as she looked at the big dog, but she thought, "Well, they are friends of Toby's and it is nice of them to think of him." So all she said was, "Well, take him up, boys, but he has another dog and we couldn't keep more than one." But the worst was yet to come, for shortly after the boys left, Jill arrived with a basket on her arm.

"May I see Toby, Mrs. Tyler? I have a present for him."

Toby was delighted as usual to see Jill but before she opened the basket he said, "Now if you brought any of that cornstarch pudding you brought the other day, you can take it back. What a fellow needs is a good piece of pie that he can sink his teeth into."

"Oh, Toby," said Jill. "I thought you liked the pudding. I made it myself. But I brought you something different today, and I know you'll like it." With that she opened the basket and took out a tiny little bulldog. "I paid only five dollars for him so I suppose he isn't much of a dog, but isn't he cute, Toby? And when Toby took the little fellow in his arms and the pup licked his nose he was almost too touched to speak.

"Gee, Jill, imagine you spending five bucks on a dog for me. You're the swellest girl I know, Jill—" and that is thanks enough for any girl.

After Jill had gone Toby knew he had a problem on hand. He had lived with his mother long enough to know that she would never let him keep all the dogs. She wasn't exactly partial to dogs anyway. When the setter walked over to the bed and put his nose down on Toby's hand, Toby thought, "Gee, this fellow has already learned to be friends—He would be swell to have around." And when he picked up the terrier he thought, "Gosh, he's cute." But he knew he could explain the situation to Nick. And when he thought of Jill spending five dollars for a dog, he felt a warm glow all over but he didn't care so much for bulls. So what could he do? But he knew very well what he would have to do. He would have to keep Jill's bulldog; a fellow couldn't let a girl like Jill down. Meanwhile before he had to make a final decision Toby made up his mind to enjoy his good luck.

But before the evening was over, Toby had a harder decision to make. Mrs. Tyler answered the doorbell to find Mr. Tyler waiting. "Well, Sam Tyler, why didn't you use your key. For a minute I thought it was

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another—. Why, Sam, what on earth have you got under your coat?"

Mr. Tyler opened up his coat with his face wreathed in smiles but he was unprepared for his wife's reaction.

"Good Heavens! A dog!" exclaimed Mrs. Tyler, in horror.

"What's wrong with a dog?" said Mr. Tyler. "Look at him, Marg, isn't he the cutest thing? He's the one that Toby was trying to buy. I stopped at Mr. Craig's tonight and he told me to bring the little fellow home with me."

"Sam, don't you dare take that dog upstairs."

But Mr. Tyler was already half way up the stairs and in a minute he and Toby were gloating over the little spaniel.

"Mr. Craig says you can have him for ten dollars as long as you wanted him so badly and I'll make up the difference."

"Oh, will you, Dad? Did you ever see a dog like him?"

For the moment Toby had forgotten about the other dogs. But little yelps reminded him and as he showed the others to his father he said, "You know as well as I do that Mom does not appreciate dogs and I'll be lucky if she lets me keep one. So what am I going to do?"

Mr. Tyler answered promptly, "Why, keep the one you like best, of course, and return the others. There's no problem about that." Toby looked at his father in bewilderment. Was it possible that being a man he couldn't appreciate the situation?

"Look, Dad, it's like this. I just love that little spaniel, I never saw a dog before that I liked so well—why I even named him—Inky, but Jill spent five dollars for that little bulldog—and because Jill gave it to me I think it is swell."

"I understand, son, it's all right with me," said Mr. Tyler. "I'll just take him downstairs and take him back after dinner."

"Oh, don't, Dad, please, leave him with

me just for tonight; maybe I'll decide to keep him. Who knows?"

So for a few hours Toby was happy with Inky and the other pups. He almost had himself believing that he was going to keep the four of them. But his mother had other ideas.

At bedtime she and Mr. Tyler gathered up the dogs and took them downstairs.

"No, Toby Tyler, one dog is all we're going to have in this house, so you had better make up your mind which it is going to be."

"Two dogs aren't too many, are they, Dad?" asked Toby.

"Don't get me in on this," said Mr. Tyler. "Your mother is the one that has to live with the dogs, and what she says goes in this house."

"One dog," said Mrs. Tyler, "just one, so make up your mind."

"I'll decide tomorrow," said Toby. And as he prepared to go to sleep he thought, "Jill was just swell to bring me that dog—but I wish it was Inky. Anyway I don't have to decide until tomorrow." And he drifted off to sleep, to dream of a house full of dogs. Big ones and little ones, and tall ones and short ones. All swell dogs—

SPRING

By Mary Farrell

Spring, Spring, Spring,
'Tis true you're almost here.
I saw a flash of blue bird's wing
I heard the crow's rude cheer.

Spring, Spring, Spring,
Bright crocus lifts its head,
And shyly peeps with lovely grace
From melting snowy beds.

Spring, Spring, Spring,
Season of hope and cheer
With joyous hearts we hail thee,
Loveliest of the year!

FIRST IN THE HEARTS

By Loraine Dakin

IT was a bitter winter that year of 1777,—even Grandfer Patterson said he'd not seen a worse one (and knowing Grandfer's capacity for prevarication, that was something!).

The snow came early, blanketing everything in white, and along with it came the icy blast of the north wind. Precious hay and straw were used for packing around the houses for warmth, but even so the cold penetrated inside the houses and lingered in the shadowed corners which, somehow, the light and warmth never seemed to reach. Already the little village was almost snowed in—yes—it would be a very hard winter in the valley that year.

The flickering candles gave a light which, though faint, glowed cheerily over the snow. Everyone was bustling about, getting in firewood, stabling the horses and other livestock more securely—everyone was cheerily engaged in performing needed tasks—that is, everyone but the Pattersons. No cheerful bustling issued forth from Dame Patterson's domain, rather an oppressive silence reigned. Dame Patterson, schoolmistress for those who could afford it, lay close to death. Inside the house the fire crackled and sputtered cheerfully, but tonight, where on other evenings Evelyn Patterson would have been seated at Grandfer's feet before the hearth, there were only an empty armchair and a footstool. In a shadowy corner, on a high Old English bed lay Evelyn's mother, pale and gasping, her eyes brightened by the fever that wracked her slim being.

"I'm going to take her outside," said Grandfer slowly, "I'm going to take her out of the valley to Doctor Wood's. Maybe, then, she'll have a chance."

"I'll get ready this very minute," replied Evelyn with a quiet dignity far beyond her fifteen years.

"Sorry, Evie, but you'll be unable to go.

With your mother's and my weight combined the sleigh might become bogged down in the snow and slush."

Blue eyes filled with tears, but no word was spoken for a moment. Then—

"I'll go get all of the warmest blankets ready, Grandfer; Mother'll need them." Evelyn went up into the loft to get her mother's two prized afghans.

Grandfer's old eyes blinked, "Now don't you get sentimental, you old coot, there's too much to be done and so little time."

* * *

Evelyn drew her chair closer to the fire, trying hard to keep her eyes from closing—"Musn't sleep—today's Thursday—Grandfer said he'd send word by someone before tomorrow. The drifts must have stopped the rider—can't blame him for not trying to get through—wish I knew how mo-th-er," Nature once more broke down human resistance and Evelyn's head nodded in peaceful slumber.

Bang, bang! "Anybody inside?" Bang, bang! "Hurry up, I'm nearly frozen—" Evelyn awoke with a start to hear the last few words.

"Oh, just a minute!" She ran to the door and lifted the cross piece. The door swung open and a white figure staggered into the room.

"Nearly frozen," it croaked swinging its arms to and fro, "must get to the fire." Suiting actions to words, what turned out to be a man staggered to Grandfer's armchair and dropped into it exhausted.

"I know you're tired," said Evelyn, "but before you drop off to sleep take off your boots and coat and I'll dry them."

"All right, I'll try, though I'm so sleepy now that I could rest for a week with no trouble—" painfully the man roused himself

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and slowly stood up, unfastening his coat as he did so.

"My, how tall he is," thought Evelyn.

"Oh!" she gasped, for, when the coat had dropped from his shoulders, the man stood revealed in a blue and gold Continental uniform.

"You're—you're a soldier?" she stammered. Blue eyes looked questioningly into blue eyes. "Well, I guess you could call me one—but not a very good one, I'm afraid."

"All Continental soldiers are good soldiers!" she flashed, "They're worth more than any three English ones."

"Maybe you're right—" thoughtfully "anyhow we do our best."

"I know that, and so does everyone else. Now I've fixed you some strong hot tea." Evelyn was at once the thoughtful hostess although a thousand and one questions buzzed around in her little head. Was he the messenger Grandfer promised? How had he managed to get through?

It was the stranger who first broke the silence—

"You probably wonder why I've come," he said, "Well, an old gentleman asked me to find you and tell you that your mother is out of danger. I knew you'd be worried so I came as quickly as possible." He smiled whimsically, "I came the last mile on foot, my horse slipped and broke his leg."

* * *

It was a beautiful young lady of twenty-five, who stood in the midst of a crowd in interested silence and heard the first President of the United States take his oath of office. As he turned to face his audience she gasped. Her thoughts swiftly took her back over the years to a snow bound cabin and a messenger bearing news of great joy and comfort.

DREAM OF AN OPTIMISTIC GARDENER

By Margaret Fiske

In my '39 garden, I see taking form
A dozen rose bushes with sharp, prickly
thorns;
White roses and crimson are placed side by
side,
And yellow and pink ones with blossoms
blown wide.

There are old-fashioned pansies whose bright
faces smile
At the handsome Sweet William adorned in
gay style,
And at old maiden zinnias, prim and sedate,
Who stand proudly aloof near the white
lattice gate.

I have dainty petunias all ruffles and frills,
And the sunniest of all—the gay daffodils;
There are glorious delphiniums and marigolds
too,
And brave bachelor's buttons in all shades of
blue.

Salpiglossis, Nemesia, and also Kudzu
Are such queerly-named plants that I've made
them taboo.
I'd rather have names that are simple and
short
That can be pronounced without stutter or
snort.

As you think of my garden, don't get all agog,
For as yet it is still in the seed catalog;
And if I'm a good prophet, it will remain
there,
And my '39 garden will be three feet square.



KEEPING UP WITH ST. PATRICK

By Marion Willis

AFTER you've been called at least three times by some energetic early-riser in your family, you fully awake from a glorious sleep and find yourself tingling with expectancy. Is today Saturday? No, but it's St. Patrick's Day, which is nearly as much fun. Debating whether to be conventional and wear green, or to be daring and wear orange, you finally come to the wise conclusion that blue is best. But at breakfast Dad asks you where your green is, remembering Great Aunt Susie's second husband came from Dublin. So being very acquiescent for once, you bedeck yourself in plenty of green to distinguish yourself from those poor unfortunates who aren't Irish, and then depart for school.

The main worry is what the other kids are wearing. Last year there were more garbed in orange than in green, but that was a year ago. Still it's pretty awful being the only one in your group in green.

Distracted nearly to nervous prostration over this alarming thought, you go to your first class, where your teacher is a French-woman who disregards with unbelievable ease the weird and vivid color combinations of green and orange in the sea of would-be intelligent people confronting her. The next class is luckily taught by a devoted daughter of old Erin who has purposely bedecked her charming self in the Kelliest green she could scare up. You're safe in there, for she beams on you because you wear green, and gives you A on a very poor recitation for that reason.

Woe betide you in the class where *el maestro* is a worthy Englishman with a sense of humor that's amazing, and where you're the only one with more green than a mere ribbon.

"You're not Irish, by any chance, Miss O'Shaugnessy?" he asks sweetly, conscious he'll get your Irish temper flaming. You mutter a witty remark if you can think of one fast

enough, and wish with all your might and main your name was Cavelli, Popolopski, or something equally un-Irish.

Then when you reach the period where everyone else, it seems, has devilishly decided to wear orange, your fondness for the Emerald Isle has suddenly gone on a decline. Oh, why didn't you wear orange?

By the time the sixth period staggers by on feet of lead, your usually quick-witted brain has gone on a sit-down strike because you changed your mind so often. Orange and green banners float before your eyes and you feel you're going insane slowly but surely.

When Bill asked you to the St. Patrick's dance, you jumped at the opportunity, but at three o'clock in the afternoon you wish both Bill and the dance would jump in the lake. Well—maybe not Bill, but—

By some happy chance almost every couple at the dance that night decides they too have had enough of green and orange. So the dance brings an unexpectedly pleasant close to a trying day.

ABOUT THAT DIPLOMA

By Loraine Dakin

I've a secret that I'll not disclose
And it's something that nobody knows—
That is, no one 'cept me.

It's about myself, my hopes, my dreams
Which no one understands it seems—
That is, no one 'cept me.

I've always had this great obsession
To have a — (?) in my possession—
No one knows what, 'cept me.

It's black and white, with a spot o' gold
And is needed for a career, I'm told—
And no one knows, 'cept me.

I hope to get one some day soon
But whether or not it'll be this June—
That no one knows, not even me!

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SPANNED

By Eugene Amber

WITH the advent of the safety razor, and now the electric shaver, the number of spankings per naughty child has decreased. Not that the child of today is any better behaved than the child of the days of shaving mugs and straight razors. This astonishing decrease in spankings is due to the changing of times and the improvement of shaving facilities. The razor-strap, chief weapon of the would-be correcting father or mother, is no longer here. It is as out of place as "Great Aunt Lucie's living room." Instead of sharpening a dull blade, the man of today replaces it with a new one. If he uses an electric shaver, as I understand it, he is never bothered by such inconvenience.

A spanking administered by means of the "strap" really could do striking damage to the regions attacked. The results of this punishment on those afflicted were often pitiful to watch. Such reactions as weeping, moaning, moping, and mourning were common. A combination of a number of these moods produced a dejected spirit, and perhaps an altogether despairing boy or girl. I don't think I ever saw a person in that condition, nor do I think that I ever experienced such a state.

I am not, however, one of those spoiled children on whom the rod is spared. If I am a spoiled "brat", it is for some other reason I assure you.

During the course of my lifetime, I was subjected to the sharp pains of the strap many times. Most objectionable of my offenses, the one committed most often, and still persisted was in refusing to go to bed. It did little good to punish me, for, as I have said, I still object to the trip upstairs.

The most memorable spanking that I ever received was given to me after I had engaged in one of the most natural pastimes for a

young boy. The only thing that I could think of that could possibly arouse the nerves of my reading father was bouncing one of his golf-balls on the floor and then against a wall, dangerously near a closed window. One bad throw was fatal in that ball game. Crash! The usual moment of suspended silence that follows a catastrophe was lacking. My father had been expecting the inevitable, and without a moment's hesitation was upon me. Awkwardly and foolishly I tried to convince him that the window had moved. (I was funny then).

Once, after my brother and I had been bad boys for almost a week, and of course had been punished accordingly, we conceived a plan for running away. However, when we thought further on the subject, and were told by father in a most convincing manner that it would not be wise, we reconsidered. Such is the fate of naughty boys.

If you were never subjected to a whipping with a razor strap, you are both fortunate and unfortunate. You are fortunate because you have never had to realize the pain that the strap can bring. If you have not felt that hard-soft leather, you do not know the true meaning of the words "discipline" and "punishment." You will not be among the select group who will say to their bewildered offspring, "I wish I had the strap my father used on me."

Because the times have advanced, and left the strap behind, I am content. I can't say that I cherished the sight of it. As a matter of fact I am glad it is gone. "Off with the old; on with the new," as the saying goes. As the times go forward, so go the methods of punishment. Goodness knows what they'll hit us with next.

No Hits, No Runs, No Errors

By Winifred Aitchison

HAVING dutifully stopped at the sign before entering the main thoroughfare as is required by Massachusetts Law, you cautiously nose the car onto the highway, proceed slowly around the following curve, and prepare to step on the gas a little. Suddenly out from nowhere pops a youth on a motorcycle. He is garbed in an attractive blue uniform. At least it might be attractive if you did not immediately recognize it, with a lead sinker tugging at your heart, as the uniform of a rather officious looking state trooper. As you pull in to the curb at his signal, you hastily try to recall what you have done, and you turn to glance apprehensively at Dad, who has become a little pale. You certainly stopped back at the intersection,—you are willing to swear to that—but now having stopped the car, you glance up sweetly at the officer, who frigidly demands to see your license and registration. You mumble something to the effect that you are just learning and are driving on your father's license; nevertheless you are flattered that he assumes you are a driver of experience. Meanwhile Dad has quickly gone through all his pockets and come up empty-handed—no license, no registration. You muster up courage to glance up at the trooper only to find that his gaze is riveted on Daddy, who is making a systematic search of all his pockets. After you see all the interesting stuff Dad has excavated from way deep down in his pockets, you mentally resolve to see what you can do about getting a new dress with plenty of roomy pockets—very handy to say the least. Ah, at last, a wallet from which your parent, by this time a little warm under the collar, extracts two rather soiled insignificant looking papers. Your friend, Mr. Policeman, now seems to be quite satisfied and retires to the front of the car assuming a

striking pose while he writes in his little book, probably a ticket, you muse. Now you attempt to appear nonchalant and at ease and lean one elbow on the window frame and grin shakily at Dad, moistening your exceedingly dry lips. Your legs are practically paralyzed from holding the brake on as well as the clutch, for you wouldn't dream of disgracing yourself by stalling now of all times. You pray fervently that you will not lose hold and jerk the car, upsetting friend trooper, who is still scribbling, keeping one foot on the bumper as if to prevent your escaping from his clutches.

In the meantime you begin to realize that you are providing quite a spectacle for the passing motorists, who regard you with amused glances as they whiz contentedly by the choice bit of unusual scenery. You begin to sympathize with Dad and wonder how much the fine will be. There will be no escape you think, as you vaguely recollect that dark, stormy night when you came from the movies and were informed by a disagreeable ticket that you had parked in a restricted area. You were not fined then, but this is another matter. By this time the officer has finished his seemingly endless writing and is once more approaching the window. He returns the papers and smiles reassuringly. Now you suppose that he is trying to be nice and pave the way for the inevitable ticket. But no, oh joy! . . . "we just have to check up on licenses once in a while," he says. Two deep sighs are distinctly audible from the interior of the car. "Thank you," you breathe gratefully. Having released the clutch, you drive on, thanking your lucky stars that the car has an automatic shift and you can easily pilot it away without any of the usual beginner's jerks. "Whew!" you exclaim, mopping your fevered brow vigorously.

March, 1939

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NEWS OF LONG AGO

THESE excerpts were selected, through the collaboration of Robert Martin and Albert Wing, from a newspaper published nearly a century and a half ago, and consequently the flowery style seems odd to modern readers, in that capital letters, italics, and dashes were freely used and the peculiar method of writing the letter "s" as an "f"-shaped letter was employed in many places. The description of the entombing of Washington is so unusual, and the accompanying notices so novel, it was deemed an article worthy of everyone's attention.

ULSTER COUNTY GAZETTE

Published at Kingston, (Ulster County.)
By Samuel Freer and Son
Saturday, January 4, 1800

(Vol. II) (Num. 88)

WASHINGTON ENTOMBED

George Town; Dec. 20, 1799

On Wednesday last, the mortal part of WASHINGTON the Great—The Father of his Country and the Friend of man, was configned to the tomb, with solemn honours and funeral pomp.

A multitude of persons assembled, from many miles round, at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves—the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble manfion—but, alas! the august inhabitant *was now no more*. That great soul *was gone*. His mortal part was there indeed: but ah! how affecting? how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness, thus, to mortal eyes, fallen!—Yes! fallen! fallen!

In the long and lofty Portico, where oft the Hero walked in all his glory, now lay the shrouded corpse. The countenance, still composed and serene, seemed to depress the dignity of the spirit, which lately dwelt in that lifeless form! There those who paid the

last sad honours to the benefactor of his country, took an impressive—a farewell view.

On the ornament at the head of the coffin was inscribed *Surge ad Judicium*—about the middle of the coffin, *Gloria Deo*—and on the silver plate,

GENERAL
GEORGE WASHINGTON

Departed this life, on the 14th December, 1799, AEt. 68

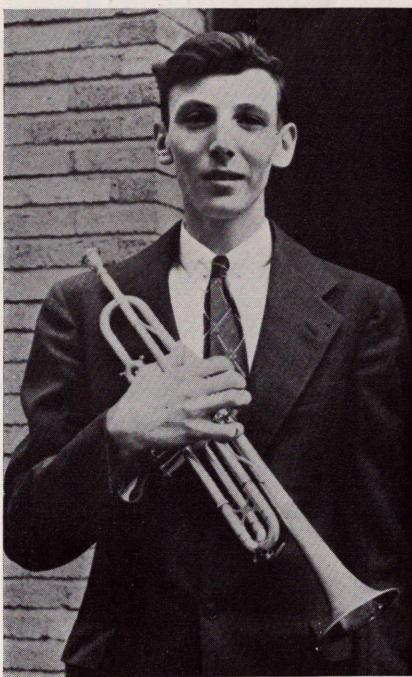
Between three and four o'clock, the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river, firing minute guns, awoke afresh our solemn sorrow—the corpse was removed—a band of music with mournful melody melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe.

The procession was formed & moved on the following order:

Cavalry	With arms reversed
Infantry	
Guard	
Music	
Clergy	
The General's horse with his saddle, holsters, and pistols	
Pall Bearers	Pall Bearers
Cols	Cols
Sims,	Gilpin,
Ramsay,	Marsteller,
Payne,	Little.
Mourners	
Masonic Brethren	
Citizens.	

When the procession had arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn, on the bank of the Potomac, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the infantry marched towards the Mount and formed their lines—the Clergy, the Masonic Brothers, and the Citizens, descended to the Vault, and the funeral service of the Church was performed. The firing was repeated from the vessel in the

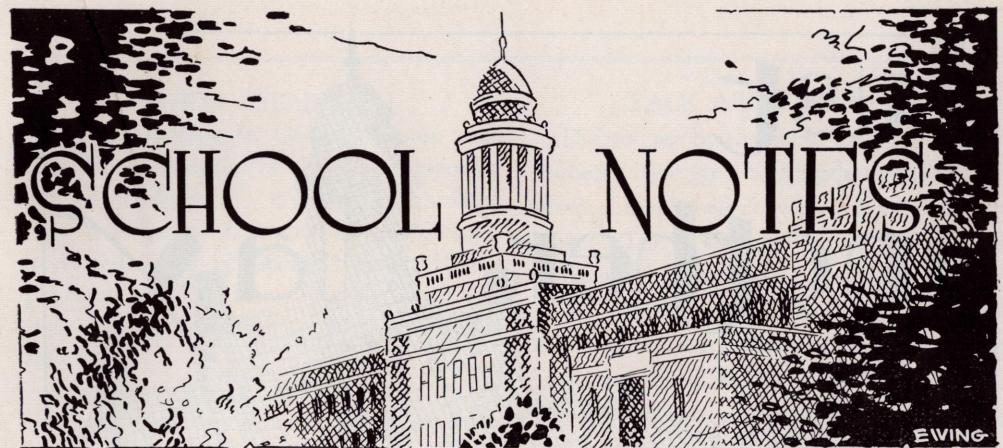
Continued on page 25



EMERSON CLARK
1921-1939

*"Life's symphony is done,
And with the turning of another page
Of music that the Master Artist wrote
Another is begun."*

The Senior A class recently lost one of its most beloved members, Emerson Clark. He was a member of the Pittsfield High School orchestra and band, and also of the Stanley Junior Symphony Orchestra, in which he played the trumpet. He was considered one of the most talented young musicians in the city. We have lost a dear friend and classmate, but his memory still lives among us.



Marjorie Monroe, Editor
Harriet Tanner, Marion Willis, Mary Jane English, Mary Knickerbocker,
Katherine Carroll, Dorothy Calnan

H. M. S. PINAFORE

The cast is ready and the sails are set (figuratively speaking) for the Senior A presentation of Gilbert and Sullivan's "H. M. S. Pinafore." Since December the catching tunes of this operetta have been confined to the walls of Room 107 three nights each week (Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays) but next week rehearsals will begin in the auditorium. The cast for this operetta has nine students, and the chorus forty-six, all but four being seniors.

The cast is as follows: Cecile Bissaillon, as Josephine; Macie Williams as Buttercup; Florence Zandrino as Cousin Hebe; Bruce Miller as Ralph; Donald Lucier as Sir Joseph Porter K. C. B.; Walter Woodstock, as Deadeye; William Kent, as the Boatswain; John Cockrill as the Mate; Gordon Almstead as the Captain.

The boys singing tenor parts in the chorus follow: Phillip Boyington, Samuel Johnson, Ronald Hopley, Frederick Royal, George Adams, Everett Breizy, Francis Nicholas, Newton Royce, Robert Finnegan, Thurlow Pruyne, Horace LaDouceur.

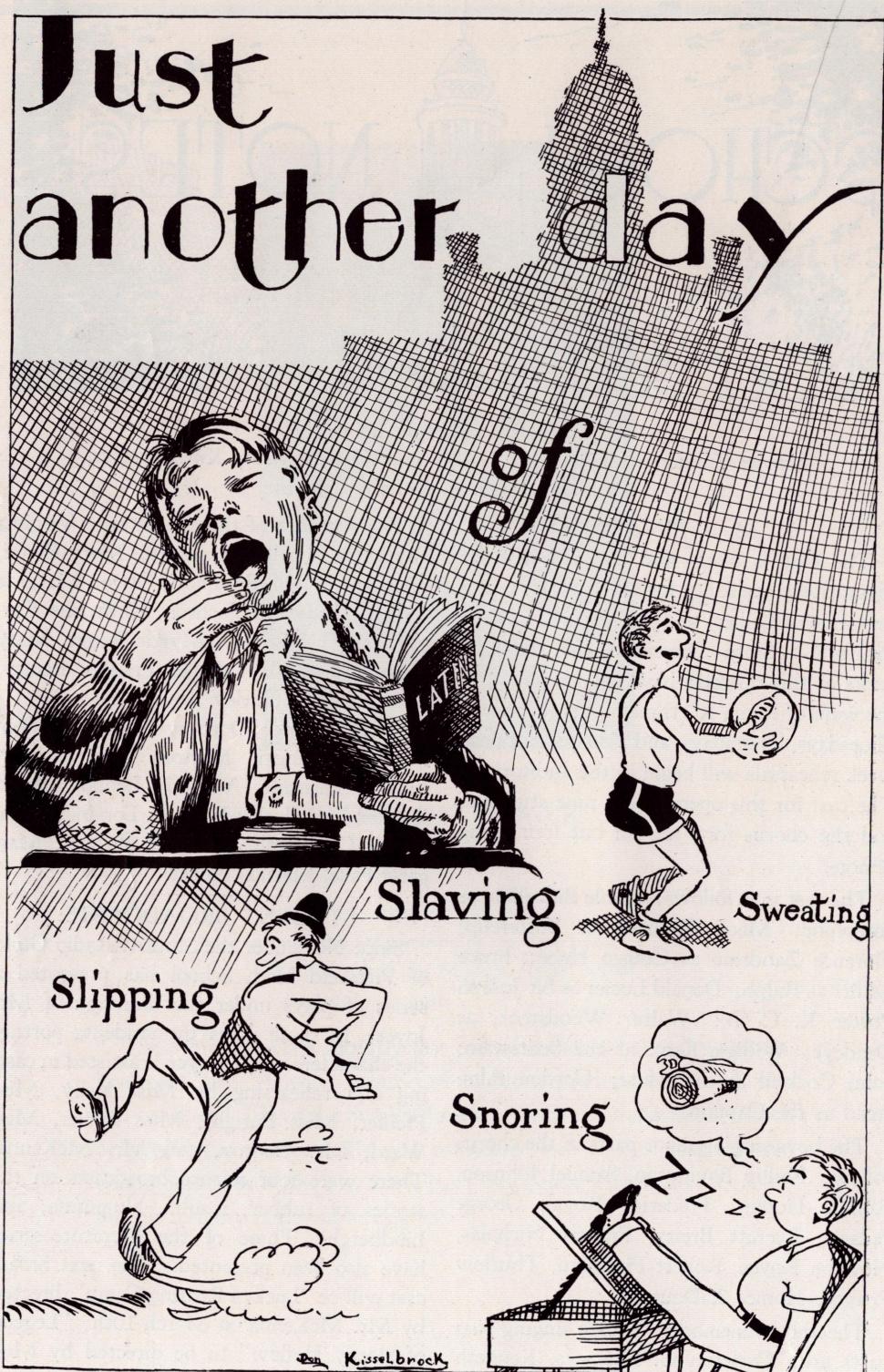
The chorus members who are singing bass parts are: Carleton C. Edwards, Kenneth Williams, Robert Stuart, Russell Parker, George Robillard, Cornelius McHugh, Milton Culver, Peter Pechewlys.

The sopranos of the chorus are: Virginia Carpenter, Thelma Cadorette, Mary Pisani, Priscilla Gaylord, Rosamond Guyer, Marjorie Cahall, Louise McEachron, Catherine Carroll, Evelyn Massery, Myrtle Roger, Mary Everest, Irmanda LaBelle, Frances Blaney, Betty Huban, Shirley Keyes.

The altos are: Dorothy Briggs, Kathleen Buckley, Marjorie Monroe, Dale Schaffer, Ethel Scharmann, Virginia Lennox, Susan Chittenden, Shirley Raftery, Loraine Dakin, Shelah O'Connell, Margaret Brower, Margaret Fiske, Marilda Fulker.

STUDENT BROADCASTS

Since November the Student Radio Guild of Pittsfield High School has presented a series of plays under the direction of Mr. Joyce. In these plays the students portray the characters. Mr. Joyce is assisted in casting and rehearsing by Miss Kelly, Miss Pfeiffer, Miss Enright, Miss Power, Miss Ward, Mr. Conroy, and Mr. McKenna. There were four science broadcasts on the stories of rubber, insulin, aluminum, and Lindbergh. Three of the literature series have also been presented. The next broadcast will be "Luck of Roaring Camp" directed by Mr. McKenna on March 10th; "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" to be directed by Miss Ward on March 30th; "Typee" on April 13th; and "Man Without a Country" to be directed by Mr. Joyce on May 4th.



March, 1939

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SENIOR CHAIRMEN

Congratulations to George Adams, who was elected chairman of the Senior operetta, "H. M. S. Pinafore". It's a big job ahead of him, but George is a big boy. Apropos, have you heard of George's basketball exploits on the "Y" team? Neither have we, and, as far as can be learned, neither have his teammates.

Good luck also to Fred Meyers, ticket chairman for the operetta. Both of these boys have much trying work ahead of them.

At a meeting of the Senior Class held Friday, March 3rd, Henry Stentiford was elected chairman of the cap and gown committee. Nominations for chairman of the picture committee were also held, the nominees being as follows: Ethel Scharmann, Nan O'Connor, Rita Edda, and William Lundy.

P. H. S. QUIZ

Shades of Holland—If the fad of wooden shoes becomes universal, we're wondering if our teachers will demand that we leave them outside on the doorstep ? ? ? !

Glamour—Would Hedy Lamar and some of her contemporaries have to look to their laurels if they were enrolled in the "High" ? ? ? !

Withering Romances—What's happened to some of those "Soph" senior duets that were doing so well earlier this term ? ? ? !

Stormy Weather—Why do we all listen breathlessly each blustery morning to the voice of the local announcer—could it be we didn't do our homework, or are we hoping to catch up on lost sleep ? ? ? !

Monday Morning Tests—Can't someone please arrange to include Monday in our weekend—or have those tests postponed—indefinitely ? ? ? !

Hot Air—What part of our heating system is giving the members of the faculty competition ? ? ? !(we're referring to the noise—of course!)

TALK ABOUT SCHOOL

Did you see by the paper that two P. H. S. students have gone to Florida to bask in the warm sunlight while we stay up here and shiver? The lucky ones are Claire Grieve and William Pharmer Remember Mabel Blake '39, who used to go to P. H. S.? She was back in town a little while ago. Apparently the life in Shelburne Falls High School agrees with her Ralph Renzi is just as good at basketball as he is at football . . . Mr. Leahy has organized a Ski Club at P. H. S. Gerson Rosenthal is president. . . . Ruth Burghardt '39 is back in school again after her appendicitis operation. . . . They say that the operetta of the Senior A Class, *Pinafore*, is the tops. The Seniors rehearse every day after school—until six o'clock. Mr. Gorman and the orchestra are putting in a lot of hard work. Three cheers!!! What's this rumor about student government in P. H. S.? Sounds pretty good to us. . . . Edith Leipe '39 recently attended a houseparty at the Berkshire School as the guest of Howard Gleason. Rosemary Kinney and Peggy Roberts spent a weekend at West Point. . . . Marjorie McCartney paid a visit to Massachusetts State as the guest of John Retallick. . . . Miss Alice Downs spent her vacation in New York City, and from all reports had a marvelous time. . . . We were especially fortunate this year. The Ski Ball, the De Molay dance, and several good games were planned just to make our vacation more enjoyable. . . . The Senior A class is happy again—no more major worries (we can't say *no* worries.) We don't have to wear white caps and gowns, and we are going to have a graduation (and that's something!). As if he were not a natural noise-maker, Jimmie O'Hearn has to learn how to play the cymbals. A trumpet is loud enough. . . . One of our cafeteria councilors, who is an ardent basketball fan, has been gnashing her teeth because she had to miss so many games. Her small sister had the measles.

DEBATING CLUB NEWS

On January 19th, at the twelfth meeting of the Debating Club, George Walsh, chairman of the Constitutional Amendments Committee submitted a new constitution based on "Mr. Chairman". Friend and Henry Kierstead assisted Mr. Walsh in drawing up this constitution. The constitution was discussed and changes proposed by the club members. The meetings of January 26th and February 2nd were devoted to the discussion of the proposed amendments. On February 2nd the new constitution was adopted by the club, its regulations to become effective February 9th.

On February 9th impromptu speeches were given by Winifred Aitchison, Herbert Boyajian, Bernard Feldman, William Garrity, Bruce Hainsworth, Friend Kierstead, Henry Kierstead, Charles McCarty, Richard Medicke, Robert Moore, William St. John, Edward Sullivan, Arthur Teat, George Walsh, John Kelly, George Gilbert, and Dorothy Dressman on various topics which might be suitable for the exhibition debate to be given before the Redfield P. T. A. on Wednesday, March 15th.

By ballot, the subject chosen was: "Resolved: That Student Government should be adopted in Pittsfield High School."

On February 16th, the teams for the exhibition debate were chosen:

Affirmative Team

1st speaker—Herbert Boyajian
2nd speaker—Winifred Aitcheson
3rd speaker—George Walsh
Rebutress—Lorraine Dakin

Negative Team

1st speaker—Henry Kierstead
2nd speaker—Bruce Hainsworth
3rd speaker—Dorothy Dressman
Rebutter—Friend Kierstead

On March 9th a debate will be held on the question—Resolved: That the United States should establish an alliance with Great Britain. The teams:

Affirmative Team

1st speaker—Arthur Teat
2nd speaker—Robert Shaver
3rd speaker—William Garrity
Rebutter—Edward Sullivan

Negative Team

1st speaker—John Stanton
2nd speaker—George Gilbert
3rd speaker—Bernard Feldman
Rebutter—William Goldsmith

The following officers of the Club were re-elected in January:

President—George Merritt
Vice President—A. Herbert Boyajian
Secretary—Lorraine Dakin

(Dorothy Dressman has been appointed Acting-Secretary due to the inability of Miss Dakin to attend all meetings.) Four members have been dropped from the Club's rolls since September, and since January four new members have been added to the Club's membership.

Sometime during the last week in March the club will hold a forum discussion with the debating club of Lee High School.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club has seen three pictures since the Christmas vacation: "Sweethearts," January 17; "Idiots' Delight," February 10; and "Kentucky," February 27. Topics, as on the direction, setting, plot, and the chief characters of each picture, have been discussed by the members.

On February 17 elections were held for all the offices except that of the President. The officers selected are as follows:

Vice President—Theresa Shelsey
Corresponding Secretary—George Merritt
Recording Secretary—Barbara Sillars
Treasurer—Carolyn Vergatti
Chairman of Program Committee—Philip Boyington
Chairman of Reporting Committee—Alfred Persip
Librarian—Sue Mauro

March, 1939

ON THE AIR

Our music department is truly going places this year. Never before has it reached such heights as under the direction of our new leader, Mr. Carl Gorman. Each month, the department has a program broadcast over WBRK, presenting in turn the boys' glee club, the band, the girls' glee club, and the orchestra.

The programs presented thus far have brought many appreciative comments from Berkshire listeners. The orchestra has not yet been heard from, but Mr. Gorman promises us it will broadcast in March, and we are confident that it will live up to the high standards already set.

HERE AND THERE

We seem to be lucky this year. You never see a spider or a bug of any kind ornamenting the girls' lapels—for which we're thankful—but now the style is charms. They've got everything from Ferdinand the Bull down to the family skeleton all dolled up for charms.

The girls are getting younger looking every day. Of course you take it for granted that skirts are short—definitely—but when it comes to wearing bows on the back of the head, that's going to the limit. What is this, anyhow, a kindergarten?

After so long an intermission, people have been wondering vaguely if there still is a STUDENT'S PEN or whether it has disbanded. Raise your hopes, for it's back again with a refreshed mind, from the two month holiday.

St. Valentine suffered an awful shock at P. H. S. Has the age of romance died or did the price of valentines go up?

Lollypops are more in evidence at basketball games this year than ever before. They're all right when everything's calm and quiet, but as soon as the home team is about to make a spectacular basket, you're liable to forget your lollipop and come crashing down on it, breaking all your teeth.

It's too bad some intelligent person thought of the absentee list. Now you're positive of getting caught if you skip class. A very good way to remedy being caught is—don't skip class.

After Mr. Carmody so efficiently solved the problem of pouring us out of the Armory, we don't know when we'll have the chance to feel like sardines again.

A while ago it was so nice and warm you could practically feel spring floating in the air. Now we're beginning to wonder if spring is lurking around the same corner that Prosperity's been haunting for almost a decade.

Never in my life have I seen so many sleepy people as I did the morning after vacation. It must have been a very strenuous week. That time-worn suggestion of a week off in which to rest up from vacation would have been most appropriate.

It looks as though an East Side Gang from New York has attacked the student body of dear old P. H. S. It seems that nearly all the boys and girls are running about with bandages plastered here and there on their faces. Too much skiing.

A FEW QUESTIONS WE'D LIKE TO ASK

Why did Vergil write impossible similes? (At least, they are impossible to us.)

Why did Vergil write? (The same goes for Cicero and Caesar.)

Why are algebra and geometry problems unsolvable?

Why don't chemistry equations balance? Why does our French accent have such a Yankee twang?

Why do all literature books use words we don't understand?

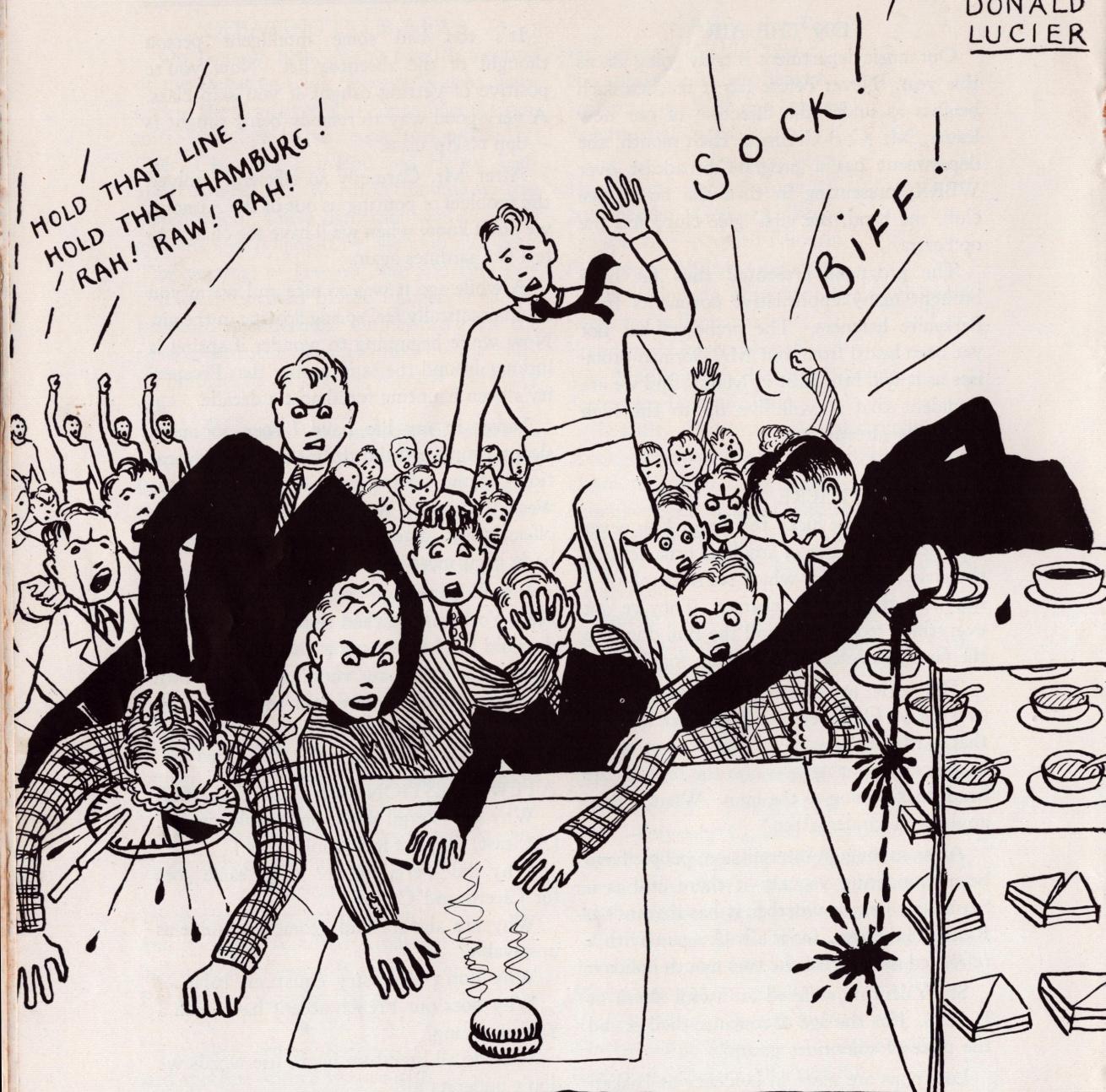
Why did Muzzey put so many footnotes (unread by students) in his text? (other than for Miss Kaliher's tests.)

Why do teachers insist that we keep quiet in study hall?

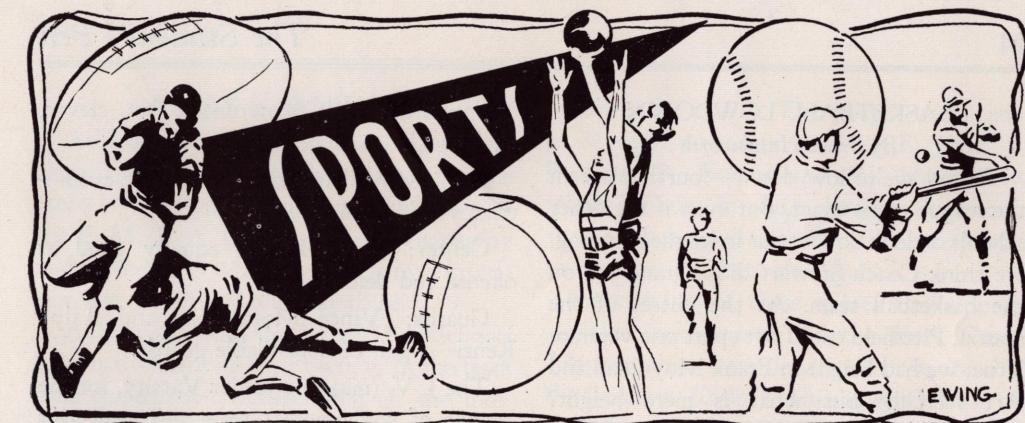
Why do we go to school, anyhow?

THE LAST HAMBURGER !!

DONALD
LUCIER



CALLING MR. STROUT---!!
CALLING MR. STROUT---!!
THERE'S A RIOT IN THE CAFETERIA!



ST. JOE SQUARES SERIES By Bernard A. Williams

The fact that Pete Poulin and Bill Quadrozi joined St. Joe's quintet in time for the game with Pittsfield, and the fact that there has to be a third quarter in a basketball contest spelled defeat for P. H. S. in the second game of the city series. The Purple and White, having captured the first 19-17 in an overtime game, were trying to make it two straight to clinch the City Championship—but there were the aforementioned drawbacks.

Pittsfield started out in fine style after Nixon of St. Joe sank the opening basket of the game and the Purple and White went on to lead 8-6 at the end of the first quarter. At the half, Pittsfield's five points, 14-9, looked very large, but the previously acknowledged third quarter brought disastrous results for the Pittsfield cause. St. Joe scored 14 points in succession while Pittsfield was busy scoring none. As a result P.H.S. went into the home stretch nine points behind, and when the end came, St. Joe was ahead 29-25.

Walt Skowronski was high scorer (as usual) with 10 points, and his teammate, Art McGill, contributed 7 of Pittsfield's 25. For St. Joe, Pete Poulin got 7 while Nixon and Quadrozi obtained 6 each.

Referee Clarence Wells took care of the game alone and did a good job, but he must be bad luck for we can't remember a P.H.S. game resulting in a victory for Pittsfield when he has been the referee.

St. Joe's jayvees beat Pittsfield's, giving the superstitious fan something to go on.

HOCKEY REVIEW By B. Hainsworth

Last year a veil of secrecy was drawn over the very existence of the hockey team. Although it cannot be so this year because of the hockey rink in the School's "back-yard," the student attendance at games is still pitifully small. Surely hockey, our fastest and most thrilling sport, warrants more attention than this.

Our hockey season opened with a one-sided victory—for Berkshire Prep. Somehow the Berkshire boys scored seven goals, while the best we could do was a lone tally by Chick Evans. Berkshire Industrial was the first to fall before Pittsfield's flashing skates. 6-1 was the score, and again Chick Evans starred, collecting four goals. The Junior Varsity of Albany Academy fell on the following Saturday to the tune of 4-0. Jack Talbot skated into the limelight by driving in three goals; Bob Roney scored the remaining one. The first Lenox game was a close affair, but Pittsfield emerged victorious, 7-6. (You may not believe it, but this is hockey, not football.) In the second Lenox game Pittsfield triumphed again, 4-2. Four games—one with Albany, two with Greenfield, and one with Hoosick—were postponed for lack of ice.

Five games—four victories; Pittsfield was never like this! Why, last year, with new suits, the team had but five wins in seven starts. The suits must fit better this year. Or maybe it's the new rink. At any rate, better buy now—Carmody stock is rising fast!

BASKETBALL LOWDOWN

By Bruce Hainsworth

I'll say we're low down—fourth place in the league to be exact. But even if the other schools do look down at us in league standing, we think Coach Stewart did a grand job on the basketball team. At the outset of the season, Pittsfield could not sport one veteran. True, we had height in Frank Moynihan and Art McGill—but what is mere height? True, we had the eagle-eye of Walt Skowronski—but who knew about it? Let it suffice to say that now, at the close of the season, we boast a team that can give any coach in the county the jitters. (Unfortunately, we must include Coach Stewart.)

Let's see just what the team did this year. In the first game we were beaten 26-24 by Adams, whose Al Pietras, stumbling, sank the last-minute basket as he fell. Dalton overwhelmed us in the next game 18-34, but Pittsfield rebounded to hit a weak Williams-town team 32-38. Then came three straight losses: to St. Joe (North Adams) 23-26; to Bennington 18-32; and to Drury 17-29. St. Joe was the next game, and in a thrilling City Series opener, we beat the Saints 19-17. No one knows who won the game for Pittsfield, for Moynihan uncorked a long shot at the last possible second and Grady, leaping high, tapped it in. On February 3, we had a practice session at Williamstown's expense, winning 49-27. Our game at Lee was undoubtedly the strangest of the season, for the players were called from the showers to finish the game when the scorers discovered that instead of 31-30, the score was 30-30. Pittsfield sank the first basket in the sudden-death period which resulted. Following losses to Drury and Adams, the team finished with three triumphs, conquering successively Bennington, Dalton, and North Adams' St. Joe. We can call this the "revenge series" because all three previously trounced us.

Before we close our books for the year, let's review this year's "regulars."

Forwards: Walt Skowronski; fast, clever, slight.

Frank Moynihan; tricky, tall, eagle-eyed—next year's main-stay.

Center: Art McGill—equally good at offense and defense.

Guards: Vince Monteleone and Ralph Renzi—a pair of dependable guards.

The J. V. (meaning Junior Varsity, for the benefit of sophomores) team did well this year; in fact, its record is better than that of the Varsity. LiMardi alone "graduated" to the Varsity.

DRURY CONQUERS PITTSFIELD

By Bernard A. Williams

On February sixth, a more experienced Drury basketball team had to fight hard at times, especially toward the end, but managed to gain a 35 to 30 victory over the Pittsfield five. Starting from the opening whistle, the Drury quintet piled up such a score that Pittsfield was almost out of the running, although towards the end of the contest, the Purple and White came forward to make the game interesting.

Walt Skowronski had a good time and went home the leading scorer of the struggle with 16 of Pittsfield's points to his credit, while Christopolis flew around pepping up Pittsfield's attack. Champagne and Benedetti with 11 and 10 points respectively carried the torch for Drury.

At the end of the first quarter the score stood at 15 to 5 against Pittsfield; at half-time the Purple and White had crept two points nearer as the score was 23-15. Going into the final quarter the score was 28-22 and in the final stanza we managed to gain some ground so the game ended 35-30.

Referee Clarence Wells took a lot of verbal abuse as he called what seemed to be a few rather raw ones, but to the best of our knowledge he came out of it O. K.

March, 1939

RELAY CARNIVAL

Athletes of Pittsfield High School, many of whom have enjoyed marked success in the meets of the past, figure to steal the show at the F. M. T. A. Gymnasium on Wednesday night, March 29 when the fifth annual invitation Relay Carnival will take place.

At past meetings the Junior High Schools have had a flavor all their own, with the team title competition transcending all the individual relays in interest. It will be the same this year to some extent but the High School boys wearing the colors of the various parishes of the city should outdistance the others in general appeal.

The numerous records for the different relays which go to make up the program are linked with the names of many boys who are now enrolled at Pittsfield and St. Joseph's High Schools and rosters of the competing quartets in the medley race are bound to bring these speedsters to the track for another assault on the mark for this distance. Fiorino Betti anchored a strong St. Mary's four in the thrilling final heat last year to stop the watch at 46.4 secs.

As for the Junior High School phase of the program, Pontoosuc will be the defending team champion and the north end boys are conceded an excellent chance of repeating their triumph. Another conquest for the gold and blue will mean the retiring of the "Robert F. Stanton Relay Trophy" which during the previous years has been in the possession of Central and Crane in addition to resting at Pontoosuc in 1936 and 1938.

Most followers of this annual feature believe that Central and Pomeroy will battle it out with Mr. Jacoby's boys for the chief prize. It is the consensus of opinion that the Junior relay record set in 1936 by DeLucas, W. Skowronski, J. Grady and C. Ropelowski at 33 secs. will withstand the current assault, but that the senior mark of 1.02.2 established last April by the Pontoosuc team of Kubica, Jancheck, Carmel and Hopkins is apt to top

ple from the board. The midget relay time of 31 secs. posted in 1936 by E. Jette, J. Bognera, B. Francis and W. Shepshelley while running in the colors of Pontoosuc Junior High, will be attacked by speedy teams from Plunkett and Crane.

Since many of these names will appear again in competition for the Holy Cross Trophy which was donated last winter by the Berkshire County Alumni Association of Holy Cross College to the winning team in the Junior Holy Name division, it is evident that the officials are looking forward to furnishing the most thrilling heats in the history of this Carnival.

It is little wonder, too, that it has attained high ranking in five short years, for those who have worked for its success have given considerable time and thought to its program. Superintendent of Schools Edward J. Russell has co-operated on each occasion, and many names famous to track and field have served as honorary referees.

The youthful competitors have always grasped the spirit of the occasion, and as one leaves the building after the final relay, it is apparent that the Carnival bespeaks an American idea for the youngsters' efforts exemplify the fragment "The virtue lies in the struggle, not the prize."

NEWS OF LONG AGO

(Continued from page 15)

river, and the sounds echoed from the woods and hills around.

Three general discharges by the infantry—the cavalry, and 11 pieces of artillery, which lined the banks of the Potomac back of the Vault, paid the laft tribute to the entombed Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States and to the departed Hero.

The sun was now setting. Alas! the SON OF GLORY was set forever. No—the name of WASHINGTON—the American President and General—will triumph over Death! The unclouded brightness of his Glory will illuminate the future ages!

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN

I HAVE been accused by some people of being very lazy sitting under the cork trees all day picking daisies, so I thought that while I was about it, I might pick up a few jokes with the daisies and publish them all in this column—minus the daisies, of course. Well, anyway, here they are, and I hope you will like them. They are all original with the sources mentioned because I didn't want to bore you with ones you have already heard.

Any one with contributions to this department please drop them into the nearest wastebasket, where they will be collected at 2.30 (to be thrown into the furnace).

Pherdinand the Bull

P.S. I call this the Humor column because Humor or less have to put up with it.

P. t. B.

I am in sympathy with a member of Miss Kalisher's home room who put on his registration card to indicate his intention after leaving high school: "Apply for my old age pension."

A person who speaks Pig Latin must devour his words.

A certain physics teacher has an annoying habit of bouncing certain members of his classes. He must have been a bouncing baby.

Some philanthropically-minded person ought to attempt to explain to the sophomores that the two types of geometry are not plane and complicated.

Bruce Hainsworth says his allowance is twenty cents a week. Oh, a two-dimer, eh?

A certain history teacher had prohibited newspapers in her study hall. However, one day she walked in with one herself. Immediately five papers appeared in different parts of the room. Displeased with this reaction, she announced, "Just because I am reading a newspaper, the rest of you don't have to make monkeys of yourselves, too."

The Senior Math classes are now studying comic sections—pardon me, conic sections.

A definition of logarithms—a xylophone.

Some people sure believe in ghost writing. The following was found on one of Miss Pfeiffer's literature tests:

"Richard Savage—A friend of Johnson whose life Johnson wrote after his death."

Vince Monteleone will have to remember that the "four fouls and you're out" rule does not apply to baseball.

(P. S.: Ask Vince what it means in basketball.)

George Walsh says he thinks Darwin's works are a lot of monkey business.

One of the physics teachers asked, "What do they cut diamonds for?" He nearly fell over when somebody answered, "For rings."

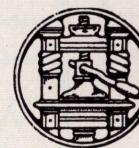
One of my friends has threatened to throw this page into the waste-basket. Personally I consider that throwing the Bull.

March, 1939

27

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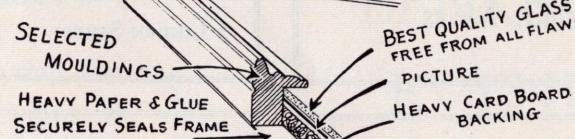
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THE STUDENT'S PEN



MARCH 1939

High School Senior Dies

Emerson Clark
Played Trumpet
In Orchestra

Emerson Franklin Clark, 17, 55 Glenwood Avenue, a senior at Pittsfield High School, died this morning at the House of Mercy after a week's illness.

Born in Pittsfield, Nov. 6 1921, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Clark, Emerson was active in the Boy Scouts and played a trumpet in the Stanley Club Junior Symphony Orchestra. He was one of the trumpeters for the singing of Christmas carols at the Community Tree Christmas Eve. He was a fine musician. Emerson was a member of the Morningside Baptist Church.

The survivors are his parents, three brothers, Byron, Gerald and Donald and one sister, Marjorie; also his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Flanders and a great grandmother, Mrs. Julia Lamm.

Funeral services will be held at the home Friday afternoon at 2. Rev. Horace S. Cushing, pastor of the Morningside Baptist Church, will officiate. Burial will be in the Pittsfield Cemetery.

Lummus & Root, funeral directors, are in charge.

Orchestra Will Play March Dedicated to Boy Trumpeter

A march dedicated by its composer, Alphonse J. Pelletier, to the late Emerson Clark, youthful trumpeter who died last week, will receive its first public performance Sunday afternoon at 3 in the Palace Theater when the Stanley Club Junior Symphony Orchestra is to give a concert, sponsored by the Berkshire Shrine Club for the benefit of crippled children of Berkshire County.

Mr. Pelletier was Emerson Clark's teacher. He is also conductor of the Junior Symphony Orchestra in which young Clark played first trumpet. The boy took a lesson the day he was taken ill. He died the following week at the House of Mercy.

The program for the orchestra's concert follows:

Indiana State Band	march	O. R. Farrar
Trio for Violin, Horn and Piano—		
Miss Grace Steele, violin.		
Miss Barbara Warren, French horn.		
Miss Virginia Amerio, piano.		
The White Queen	Reinecke	O. Metra
Polonaise Militaire, for piano	Chopin	Miss Virginia Amerio.
Minuet from "G-Minor Symphony."	Mozart	
Concertino for Cello, first movement	Klengel	
Miss Marjorie Watkins.		
The Cuckoo Clock	L. G. del Castillo	
Andante from "Surprise Symphony."		
Fantasia for Clarinet on themes from	Haydn	
Rigoletto	Bassi	
Elliot Weisgarber.		
Lustspiel	Keler-Bela	
Malagueno—Spanish dance for violin.	Sarasate	
Miss Marjorie Morroe.		
Junior March	Pelletier	



Emerson Clark

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